

For Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrheen, Jaundice. Impurity of the Blood, Fever and

caused by Deangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath: Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Ilbeumatism: general loss of appetite: Bowels generally contive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough nor! dunhed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debully; nervous, seasily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the shin exists, spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every renety. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-healthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-ally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Billious attacks, Dizziness, Nau-sca, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no in-toxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleep-cess at night, take a dose and you will be relieved. Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator
In the House!
For, whatever the aliment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can hever be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel Quinine, without any of the injurious after offer

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. Gill. Shorter, Governor of Ala. J. Gill. SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga.,
says: Have derived some benefit from the use of
Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a
further trial.

further trial.

"The only Thing that never falls to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never lave found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. T. W. Masson says: From actual expenses.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual ex-perience in the use of Sinumons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Oh! what is home? That sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip,
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands, The long-remembered tone, The ready sympathy which understands All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheeks of little children pressed To ours in loving giee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless lir Though palace wall are nigh;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth can not buy.

Far-reaching as the earth's remotest span, Widespread as ocean feam, One thought is sacred in the breast of man-

It is the thought of home. That little word his human fate shall bind With destines above,

For there the home of his immortal mind

Is in God's wider love THE HEYWARDS.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Polly, I want a talk with you," "Yes, Jack; Kate and I have been all over them again if you talk and smoke better while you're strolling."

"Come along then?" he said, taking her hand into his arm, and leading her off to the long walk under the high wall that divided the kitchen from the flower garden. Then as they promenaded there in sight of the others, but quite out of their hearing, he began about the matter that was nearest to his heart, to the woman whom he intuitively felt would be his best friend, his freest, frankest adviser, whatever happened.

"I suppose my mother and the girls have been posting you up in the family grievance, Polly?" he began, half shyly, half complainingly; and Polly ignored the accent of complaint, and won him out of his shy mood by replying:

"Yes; they have been telling me that you think of marrying. And, dear Jack, you know that my first thought is that I hope she'll make you as happy as Stephen is, and that you'll make her as happy as Stephen makes me."

Jack heaved a sigh, a deep-drawn breath of relief, and pressed his sister-in-law's hand gratefully as she spoke. Here was rest and a reprieve from fault-finding advice and high-minded displeasure at his evil courses during these latter days. Jack's normal gavety of heart came back to him as Polly meted out her kindly sympathy. He felt that if Jessie Walters, his beautiful blooming Jessie, did not concur with him in thinking this sister-in-law of his a very pearl among women, then must appreciation indeed.

You know they're all against it. My mother won't even see her; and of course I can't ask the girls to fly in mother's face by being kind to her, and trying to find out what is in her; so I can't talk to them, you know. I can only tell them that I mean to marry Jessie, in a short kind of way that makes them think I'm sulky."

"You're not that. I'm sure; and I'm equally sure your sisters love you too well ask them to please you and themselves (be- Jack's. cause they actually wish to please you) at the cost of distressing our dear mother, until you have quite made up your mind."

"My dear Polly, nothing can make me retract the word I have given. I am bound in honor to marry Jessie Walters, and I should be a scoundrel for going back from that word. She's as good and beautiful as or anxious to better herself by marrying She loves me, Polly, otherwise she wouldn't put up with the position of being neglected by my family. If she had been scheming or anything but the dear brave girl she is. she might have married Leader and got out

of it all long ago." "Leader was the curate here, wasn't he?" Polly asked.

NEWS. BRECKENRIDGE

VOL. VIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1883.

NO. 2.

"Yes, Furnival's curate." "Ah! the usual curate's salary of one hundred a year, I suppose?" "Something about that figure."

"My dear Jack, then I don't think you can hold her up as a model of disinterestedoess for refusing him." "He's got a capital living now, and is

one of the best fellows in the world," Jack said, magnanimously trying to make the very best he could of his rejected rival. "Indeed! Now then I think you are

justified in vaunting her disinterestedness. If she refused a good living as well as a good man, then she is not mercenary " Jack kept silence. It would have been

a superhuman effort for any man to make at that moment, to confess that the living had been presented to Mr. Leader since Miss Walters' refusal of him-on the occasion, indeed, of that rev. gentleman's marriage with the daughter of the patron.

"No, she is not mercenary," he said, after a few moments; "and she's just as full of right feeling about how things ought to be, and how she ought to be treated, as if she belonged already to our class. It's awfully hard on her, poor girl! to be down in the village in that place at the school, with every one knowing how things are with us, and every one treating her as if they felt sure I meant to be a blackguard and throw her over."

"You musn't be a blackguard, Jack,"

"Please God, I never will be." "But it's for life, remember; and her ways can't be as your ways, and the mother of your children ought to be a gentlewoman.

"You'll treat her as both-my wife and entlewoman, Polly-I'm sure of that."

"My dear brother," Polly said, half sobbing, altogether broken down by the pathos of this appeal, "if she's worthy of such a heart as yours, she deserves to be treated like a queen."

"Won over?" Kate whispered to her sister-in-law by-and-by, when the latter rejoined them.

"Won over to the extent of believing firmly that Jack is acting as he ought to act, now that it has come to this pass that he has promised to marry this-this Miss Walters," Polly rejoined.

"There, Polly, you're in the heart of the difficulty already. You're hampered by it, you're stultified by it in spite of all your efforts to move freely and easily. You love Jack because he's Stephen's brother, and when you love you long to act grandly and for the good of the loved one; but for the life of you you can't make up your mind to speak of the woman Jack wants to school-house, marry as the young lady. Now, isn't it the

Polly laughed herself out of the difficulty bewitchingly.

"My dear Kate, I shall call her Miss Walters, and speak of her as Miss Walters, until Jack makes her his wife, and she will be Jessie to us all."

"Then you are clapping him on the back and urging him on," Kate said in a halfoffended tone.

"That I am not doing. I am free from the charge of having aided and abetted the over the grounds, but I'm ready to go all folly, for a folly I feel it to be; but Jack is your duties." serious. Kute, and his character must de. teriorate considerably if he can be brought to break a promise that he regards as so very binding and serious as this one which he has made to her. We can't avert the evil, if it is one; let us try and turn it into a good by making her one of us as soon as we can. She has no relations, no triends, no interests saving those she has centred in Jack; like the lord of Burleigh's wite. she may 'grow a noble lady' if she is well received and wisely treated from the first.'

"You're not Jack's own sister or you wouldn't plead so warmly for his mesalliance." Kate said, pouting, and then she added that "Polly would find that Stephen stood out for the honor of the house much more determinately than she (Polly) did."

"The honor of the house won't be injured by Jack's marrying her," Mrs. Stephen said warmly: "the social status of the fami ly may suffer a triffe, but its honor will be all right if Jack makes her his wife. If he fooled her and left her lamenting, you might quake for the honor of the Heywards, but as it is, the dear King Cophetua he honors himself the more by honoring her so highly."

"Oh, Polly! oh, Polly! You should have been the squire's wife, and have reigned at the Manor House," Kate said with halflaughing regretfulness. "We should have turned out readily enough for you. But you benightedly chose to take the younger brother, and left Jack to fall a prey to a woman who won't have the good taste to die of 'an honor unto which she was not Jessie be lacking in the power of womanly born.' I foresee years of bealth and strength and bounteous prosperity for Mrs Heyward, nee Walters, and though she'll make every one of us smart, she will be held up in time as an example and a shin-

ing light." "She has such beauty, according to Jack, that she must have other good qualities," Polly said, light-heartedly, and the two sisters-in-law prowled about among the flower-beds, and discussed late flowering annuals and the "possibilities" that were in to mistake you; but you are right not to this unknown but imminent choice of

> "So you have made up your mind that it's better to go with Jack than to go against him in this matter?" Stephen Heyward said to his wife that night.

"Jack is his own master dear Stephen; that consideration weighed with me in the first place, before I had talked the matter over with him; but now I have talked with a woman can be, and not a bit designing him, and I do find he has so well weighed everything himself, and he loves her, and she'll rise to his rank-and, Stephen, we won't be the ones to put stumbling-blocks in our brother's path. Let us pet and praise the mother for all her motherly fears, and scruples, and doubts, and get her out of the way, pleasantly for herself, till her new daughter-in-law has approved herself worthy of the honor of entertaining

will do soon, Stephen, for Jack's such a good fellow that he can only have given his love and trust to a good girl. And there shall be no family squabbles among us Heywards, dear. And-you'll help me girl who is to share Jack's life?"

"I'll do anything you wish, Polly, Stephen said, regarding her with perplexed admiration. 'But these pretty, low women are firebrands very often, when they're waved aloft; and I shouldn't like mother to say by and by that we have nided in introducing one into the family,"

"If we only do what is consistent with a due regard for Jack's honor and happiness we shall never get blame from the mother," Polly said, brightly. And then she went to bed and dreampt that she was in the maze at Hampton Court, trying to find the beautiful but intangible, which represented | tion. Miss Walters and the "honor" of the house of Heyward.

CHAPTER V.

once as by-and-by when her heart's grown ture cold from waiting; but you've been so sweet and sensible that I won't do a single Polly," she said, "but guarded as your acthing now without consulting you. Come and see her first, that's the first step."

and glory, and general well being of the family, be it clearly understood.

It was rather a pretty walk from the Manor House to Bennel at any time of the year, but especially it was pretty in the of the summer season that Polly and Jack walked it, bearing olive-branches towards Miss Walters. It need not be told that Miss Walters had been duly apprized of the honor in store for her at a very early hour of the morning. Accordingly she was in a most admirably unprepared state of preparation to receive the first representative of the family who had recognized her when Mrs. Stephen arrived at the

The successful beauty, who knew that she heard that Mrs. Stephen was coming every one but his only brother, to call on her, was sitting reading a novel with rather labored interest when they entered the cottage. For a few montents she attempted to appear surprised at seeing Mrs. Stephen, but straightforward Polly swept away that bit of pretence by saying:

"I wen't apologize for calling so early, you for my virit, and he told me that this little time longer." was the time I should find you free from

Jessie blushed at this allusion to her voeation, but came to the conclusion that she would not again try to take in Mrs. Stephen Heyward on any point on which that lady might be already well informed.

"I suppose Jack has told you that I am not going to perform those duties you speak of much longer, Mrs. Stephen." this morning for giving any of my time to Jessie's." the school now that I am so much taken surprise, the fair bride-elect embarked upon the boundless sen of the subject of her | tant and more refined one. new dresses-how and when she got them. and had them made, what bonnets and 'going away' in, and which she should er interesting facts concerning her costumes she confided to the astonished lady who was calling on her for the first time. "I tell Jessie that her wedding-gown is too grand altogether," Jack said hesitating-

'Not at all, Mrs. Stephen; not one bit fill up our mother's place.' too grand, Jack," Jessie said, flushing rather angrily at the idea of her Cophetua thinking anything too grand for his future queen. Then she went on to describe it and its train, and cuirass body, and wreath of orange blossoms, until Polly became perfectly bewildered between her efforts to grasp the description and understand the describer.

"No mind; a mere beautiful overdressed doll that's what she will be when she is Jack's wife," Polly thought rather sadly. At the same time she congratulated the Heywards generally that this new member of the family was at least free from the low scheming qualities which frequently characterize women of humble birth and position who attain a mighty end

in matrimony. "No. Decidedly I should say that she shows her cards too plainly to be a plotter or a cunning woman. There is comfort for us all in this fact, shough she is terribly unrefined in thought and feeling."

This was the verdict given by Polly when she went back to the Manor House after her eventful visit, leaving Jack to one of those uninterrupted tete-a-tetes with the friends and relatives on Long Lick. loved which are so dear to the lover.

"In fact, you mean that she's simple. ninded but vulgar," Stephen said, and then he added something to the effect that "if Jack wanted such a woman at the Manor House he ought to have engaged ber as a housemaid, and not have promoted her over the heads of his well-born gently-nurtured mother and sisters."

'My dear Stephen, yours at present is

mother here. And that Jessie Walters the blind utterance of prejudice; when you see her you will admit that nature has liberally endowed her with the power of taking what place she fancies, and of holding her own In time she will leave off wearing pale-blue silk dresses in the morning. to get mother to take a kindly view of the and generally assimilate herself to the manners of the Manor House; meantime she has beauty."

'What's the good of beauty in a woman if she's badly bred?" Stephen asked discontentedly, and his wife laughed as she "What moral is in being fair? Never

ask the use of beauty, Stephen; it's more than useful, it's bewitching." But Stephen was inexorable, and could ot be got to take a lenient view of the

lady who was coming into the family to eclipse his own wife in point of position. and who at the same time was so utterly clue that should lead her to something very devoid of all social merit in his estima-

There was rather a severe scene when Polly told her mother in law that, "considering all things, it would be wise and well for them to make the best of it"-a severe "I tell you what it is, Polly," the squire but on the whole a sensible scene; as his said to Mrs. Stephen Heyward the next mother, Mrs. Heyward, was clearly in the morning, "even if you hadn't taken the right of it when she claimed to have some tone you have, I should have hurried on sort of knowledge of her son's nature, and events during your visit. I'm going to some idea as to the fitness of a certain womarry Jessie, and I may as well do it at | man to fulfill the requirements of that na-

"You're disposed to make the best of it count of her is. I am sure she is vulgar.'

"There are worse things than vulgarity So Polly said she "would go," and in a woman, mother," Polly protested, with Stephen was told she "was going," and the one of her prettiest pleading looks. "I whole family turned out upon the lawn and am sure," she continued, "that if Jessie is looked after Polly's retreating figure, as only treated properly and discreetly by us upon a precious votive offering shortly to all, by every one of us, that she will be a be laid upon Miss Walters' shrine-a vor relative we shall all learn to love very tive offering, a free-will sacrifice, but one well in time, for she has splendid beauty made by the whole family for the honor, and perfect health; and I'm sure she's without guile."

"You're not a Heyward born, or you wouldn't be so philosophical about it. Polly," the old lady sighed, and Stephen agreed with his mother that, perfect as his summer season, and it was in the fullness wife was in most respects, she had a vulnerable part-she was not a Heyward

"You 'Heywards born' will have to come down to my ignominious level, and make the best of her, for Jack's sake," she said merrily in answer to this, and the sisters agreed with her that to do so would be their wisest as well as their kindest plan.

But Stephen held out strenuously against this new element, and when Jack mentioned his wedding day to the family the mention met with a more favorable reshe had won the game from the moment ception than he had anticipated from

> "You don't say a good word to a fellow, tephen," Jack said, and Stephen replice emphatically:

"I'll say the good word with all my heart when she's your wife, old fellow, but until she is your wife excuse me for har boring the hope that you're going to reign because I know Jack sent down to prepare as the free bachelor squire among as some

"You ought to be too well pleased with Polly to say that."

"Polly's outside such a question as this that arises about Miss Walters, altogether, let me remind you," the young husband replied rather tartly. "Polly's my idea of 'the perfect woman, nobly planned'---'

"And Jessie is fit to match her." Jack eried. "Con.e, old boy, my marriage won't elevate the family, I admit, but, by Jessie said jauntily. "Mrs. Furnival, our Jove! if the family is lowered by it in any Rector's wife, you know, was thanking me | way it will be their fault, and not mine nor

There was something almost grandly up with my own affairs," and then, rather defiant in the way in which the rougher to Jack's confusion and a little to Polly's and more powerful brother rang out this quently, and that in every instance, they sentiment into the ears of the less impor-

"And 'the family' and you are one, old chap," Stephen said heartily, "so we'll mantles she either had got or would have have no more hints at shortcomings, and the young man went on, all the soda tounto get to match them, which dress she was no doubts and half-apirited fears. If Jessie tains had been removed far outside the is only half as deserving as you think she 'sit up in" to receive her visitors when she is-well, she's worthy to reign at the Mancame home. All these and countless oth- or House, and to have our girls as her sis-

"And our mother as hers. After all. 'the mother' is out and out the best of us, and we all know that, don't we, Stephen?

"I should think we did, indeed. It's grand patronage to be given the power to

"She'd name Polly her successor to morrow," Jack cried, enthusiastically, and Stephen answered softly:

"But your Jessie will succeed her, remember that, old chap." Continued next week.

LONG LICK.

The election is close at hand. The weather is hot.

The candidates spoke at McDaniels yesterday. Dr. Pennington seems to be in the lead. Nearly everybody is for him in this vicinity.

Miss Lena Rhodes, of Meade county, is visiting triends and relatives in this neighborhood Miss Anna Cannon has returned home

from Mt. Morino, where she has been at-Master Jimmy Mattingly and two beautitul little sisters, of Mt. Morino, are visit-

ing their grandma, Mrs. Cannon. Misses Maggie and Lonnie Rhodes, of Quality Corner, are visiting their numerous

The crops in this portion of the county never looked better. Wheat threshing is all the go

The tobacco crop looks well. Some farmers are topping. Mr. W. J. Owen cut down a bee tree

pounds of honey. Success to the News. A TWILIGHT IDYL. R. J. BURDETTE.

On a summer evening, Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henbutton-hole bouquet, and fifteen cents. rious paroxysms. The evening was very warm, and as they walked, these young people talked about the base-ball match, the weather, and sunstrokes. By and by one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek .

"OO oo! What a funny sign!" "Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady engerly.

"Ha-yes," said Mr. Henderson, troubled tones, looking gently but reso-Intely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke. "How funny it is spelled; see, Ethel." "Why." said Ethel, "it is spelled cor-

rectly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Hy-why-aw-why, yes, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Henderson very luckily, staring as hard as he could at the window full of house plants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfeida, in tones of amazement, how can you say so. Just see, 'i-c e, ice, c-r double e-m, cream that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion e, it is an a. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?" And Mr. Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice-cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of on the man's side, and an appearance,

the house and said: "That? Oh, yes, yes; of course, why the tale, certainly. How very much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes;" the young man suddenly added, with a kind of he walks, or rather rolls, up to the quarinspiration, 'surely that cool wave the sig- ter. nal service dispatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more."

And he took out his handkerchief and had never beard of a cool wave nor even and Mrs. S. looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned the corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Henderson breathed like a free man,

there, Mr. Henderson ?

Mr. Henderson looked across to the oth-

"Why, no. Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida, "that's an ice-cream saloon." Ethel laughed merrily, "Do you know, she said. "I wondered what so many

young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house." Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, but to be of mirth there was in his nervous "ha. ha."

It sounded as though a boy with the earache should essay to laugh. "Is it true, Mr. Henderson," asked Ethel, "that soda fountains sometimes ex-

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, engerly assured her that they did, very frescattered death and destruction around. In many of the eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York city limits and were located far in lonely

meadows side by side with powder houses. ing Ethet, "I don't believe they are a bit dangerous.

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida, "I would be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them,

Mr. Henderson?' Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheaf of hair from his head in a nervous agony. Then he said that he once bad a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How said," said both the young ladies. and then Ethel asked: "How do they make soda water, Mr.

Henderson!"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Ethel read aloud four ice-cream signs, and read on a transparency, "Lemon-ices, cooling refreshing and healthful," and Effrida read, "Ladies' and gentlemen's ice-cream parlors," twice, and Ethel looked in the door and said, "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there? How comfortable and happy they do look !" And then Elfrida said, "Yes, indeed. It makes the dusty street and scorehing sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, and were joined by their liege lords. shouted in tones of wild frenzy:

"Ob, yes, yes, yes! Come in; come fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! Seda, ice-

yes; it don't cost any thing to take an evening walk! Put out your frozen pud-

ding! Ha, ba, ha," They carried the young man to his humble boarding house, and put him to bed. out walking with two of the sweetest girls and sent for his physician. He is not enin town. They were nice girls-beautiful, tirely out of danger, but will brobably recover, with care and good nursing. The derson was a nice young man, too, He physician does not know exectly what wore that evening a little straw hat with a ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophonavy blue band, a cutaway coat, a pair of bia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws light, white pantaloons, a white vest, a the patient into the wildest and most furi-

STORY OF TWO BRIDES.

Col. II M. McCarty in Paducah Journal. We tell this story to the readers of the Journal as it was told one afternoon in the seaate lobby, to a deeply interested coterie consisting of Dick Wintersmith, Charley Woolley, John Finnell, O. O. Stealey and the veracious editor of this paper. The relator of the story was Don Piatt, then editor of the Washington "Capital." All hands had just returned from the lunch room and were tapering off on cigars How the subject of brides and bridegrooms came under consideration, and what suggested the strange story, we have forgotten-but Piatt never told a story mal apropos, and never told one that was not true, for was he not an editor? We use his very words, so far as they can be re-

One summer evening, just as the sun was setting behind the rapids and making a golden pathway across the limpid waters. the steamer Accomack, plying between the 'you must be near-sighted. That isn't an local wharves of the James river and Old Point set on shore four persons, or, to speak to the card, two couples, and just married, as any one could see with half an eye; blushes and clinging helplessly, so to speak, on the woman's part, and great nervousness, added to a self-protecting air, badly neted, of indifference in both, told

The geniel Phobus appears on the stage : he takes in the situation at a glance and

"Walk up to my hotel, gentlemen and ladies. My name's Phoebus, and I'm owner here. What might yours be?" One murmurs Jones, the other Smith, swabbed a face that looked as though it and then, both stattering, presents Mrs. J.

> "Just married, I see," said the genial proprietor. "Walk right up, and I'll give you the best rooms in the house. I like bridal couples, I do; reminds me of the time when me and my old woman did the tender racket and cleaned our teeth with practice that a great deal down in Ken-

the same brush." to the ball room, and sat listening to the er side of the street, as usual, and said: music. Then the brides got fidgety and "Oh, yes, that was Raab & Bros.' clothing disappeared to their rooms. One was a sparkle, and as plump as a patridge; the other a tall, Juno-limbed blonde, with complexion of cream and rose, sleepy, sensuous-just such a type as Rubens loved to paint. The grooms were alike in stature; both had beardless faces, with an adelescent monstache growing, and it is sure." And oh the feeble, ghastly tincture needless to add that they were from the country, and taking their first dip into the

stream of fashionable life. After the departure of their wives the two inciplent fathers, all unknown to each other, and too much engrossed in their own blissful thoughts to notice other people, passed an hour or two in looking on the billard players, and varying the monotony by going up to the bar every five minutes

and taking a drink Now, it happened that a gentleman, I dare not mention his name, had been watching the whole proceedings and with amused and observant eye, and having looked at the register, a most sinful and thoughtless idea came in his head. Gazing around engliously he saw that the clerk's "I am not afraid of them," said the dar. attention was engaged elsewhere, so he slyly takes the pen and changes the nought to one and one to nought. It is very simple thing to do, but very wicked. So

> the rooms were transposed. By and by Mr. Jones, getting tired of lounging around, went to the book to see the number of his room; it read 101, and he goes along the dimly lighted passage, with the joker stealing behind him. Arriving at the door he scanned the number to see if he was right, and then walked boldly in, for the door was unlocked, and the skylights showed that the room was wrapped in cimmerian darkness. Mr. Jones now being comfortably installed in Mrs. Smith's room, it was not ten minutes after that Mr. Smith, the husband of the plump bruenette, having also looked at the register, came timidly down the halflighted hall, counting for the magic number. Arriving at No. 100, he walked in the chamber where the grand looking blonde

lay, and the door closed. An hour at least passed, and our joker waited in vain for some sign. All was silent and dark, and so he turned in himself, but not to steep. Imagination played strange freaks, and the earliest dawn found him still wandering. Getting up he resumed his watch, and just us the lamps were beginning to pale Mr. Jones, looking like Tarquin, emerged from the room and disappeared. Mr. Smith, by a coincidence followed suit.

At breakfast time both brides appeared

One thing was evident to the joker, the brides had not found out the trick; their and gorge yourselves. Everybody come in freedom from a burning embarrassment, come in and feed up a whole week's salary in | barring a little maiden bashfulness, showed this; but the grooms! From his advantage cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon-ice. place Mr. Practiacal J. saw the young few days ago, and took therefrom eighty and sherbet. Set 'em up! It's one for me. Benedicts sitting by themselves in a brown Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha! I am study. Every now and then they would John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise. Oh, laugh silently until tears would run down ing is a sheet of water.

their checks; then they would become grave, only to break out ingrins a moment. after; and so the long day passed away,

and they took the steamer to New York. Now, what was the arshot of all this the joker never knew, but remorse tortured his soul; he took to drinking; then falling stendily downward he became a politician, until, reaching the very depths of the pit, an indignant public sentenced him to pay penance, and he is now serving out a term in the Virginia Legislature, and he never gets a letter but what in derision an "Hon." is put before his name.

Moral for young married couple-Turn

DEATH OF GEN. ORD.

Stricken with Yellow Fever on Board the City of Washington and Dying in Havana.

HAVANA, July 23 .- Gen. E. O. C. Ord of he United States Army, who took passage on the steamer City of Washington at Yera Cruz for New York and was taken with yellow fever, compelling his removal to the shore while the vessel was here, died from the disease last evening at 7 o'clock. His body has been placed on ice, pending arrangements by the family for the disposal of the remains.

Gen. Ord was born in Maryland in 1818,

and was graduated from West Point in 1839. He served in the war against the Seminole Indians from 1839 to 1842. He afterward went to California and helped to: keep order there, and served in several expeditions against Indians. He became a origadier general of volunteers in September, 1861. He defeated a rebel force under Stuart at Dranesville, Va., in December, 1861, and was made major general in May, 1862. He was afterward in command of Corinth and of the second division of the district of West Tennessee. He was severely wounded in the battle of Hatchie. Oct. 5, 1862. He commanded the thirteenth corps at the siege and capture of Vicksburg, and the eighteenth corps in the operations against Richmond and Petersburg in 1864 and 1865. He was wounded in storming of Fort Harrison Sept. 29, 1864, and for his gallantry on this occasion was brevitted m jor-gereral. He was made brigadier gene al in the r gular army in July, 1866. In January, 186 ... he relieved Gen. Butler of the command of the department of Virginia and North Carolina and of the army of the James. After the close of the war he commanded the departments of California, the Platte, and Texas. In January, 1881, he was placed on the retired list according to his evet rank. Most of the time since his retirement Gen. Ord has made his home with his son-in-'aw, Gen. Trevino, who for a time was the Mexican minister of va

Pistol Practice in Kentucky.

Boston Traveler's Washington Letter. Said Congressman Culbertson, of Kentucky, the other evening: "There are a great many gentlemen who can take a deliberate aim and make a fine shot with a pistol, but to draw, fire at once, and hit the mark is an entirely different matter. We tucky." "How?" was asked. "Why," re-"I always like to stroll along this street After waiting in the reception room sponded the Congressman, "we commence in the evening," said Ethel. "It's so love half an hour the two couples were shown when we are boys. I remember that when going in at that door. What is going on on the register as 100 and 101, and were back to the mark, and then we would turn side by side. After supper they journeyed and fire instantly, and we finally became so expert that we could hit every time." "How large was the mark" said as gentleman who was present, "Oh, it was a plank short, sprightly brunette, all fire and cut out the size of an ordinary man," significantly answered the Kentuckian.

She Got Religion.

George Ditto. At a recent protracted meeting a colored sister, overcome by the powerful eloquence of the pastor to be converted, jumped up and clapping her hands loudly, exclaimed: "Glory be to de Lawd! I'ze got Tgion! Tie

converted! I'ze now a good Democrat! The following snake story is told by the Mt. Sterling Sentinel: A few days since Mrs. Ann French, of Estill county, rode on horseback several miles to the house of a relative, where she remained all night When resaddling the horse next morning her kinsman discovered the tail of a snake peering from beneath the saddle cover, and upon investigation it proved to be a copperhead four feet in length, but it was dead, having been crushed by the lady riding on

it the day before. The minister takes his vacation during the hot mouths of summer, the lawyer rests between courts, the farmer takes his case when his crop is laid by, the tencher has his vacation, the merchant his leisure season when he can seek recreation, but the hard-working editor must toil unceasingly through all seasons alike, and no matter how much he may need or desire rest, his work, like Tennyson's brook, must "run on,

forever on."-[Charlie Meacham, Hg .- May I call you Revenge?

SHE .- Why? He .- Beceuse Revenge is so sweet. SHE .- Certainly you may, provided, however, you will let me call you Vengeance.

HE .- And why would you call me Vengeance? SHE.-Because Vengeance is mine. And she became his a few months after.

-f Boston Post. Mr. Jas. Blassaugame, of Thomaston, Georgia, has a peach of the Shanghai variety which weighs an even pound. He knocked off all the blooms on the tree but a very few in order to give the few a chance to make large peaches and a onepound peach is the result of his experi-

CHATTANOGGA, July 25 .- A special from Fayetteville, Tenn., to-night, says D. M. Eslick, one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Lincoln county, was killed by lightning this evening. His skull was split in twain and his shoes torn from from his feet.

tains in its old record the mention of a woman being excluded from the church for doing too much talking in the neighborhond." The congregation was probably small in those days - |Courier-Journal. The fair young g'ri who told us the other

A South Carolina Baptist church con-

her head was swimming, was a "dizzy b'onde."- [Zono Young. When a river is in its het, i souly e wer-